

INT. SUBMARINE ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Tween-aged boys alternately pace and inspect spinning dials.

MAX is floppy-haired and grim-faced, wearing a baggy little league uniform stained with grass. HAL is a gawky ginger, decked out in purple jeans and a torn Transformers t-shirt.

On the floor, TYLER, who looks like a tiny adult with his wireframe glasses and button-up plaid shirt, comforts a too-pale girl wrapped in a foil blanket, MORGAN.

TYLER

Just hold on a little longer, we'll get you home, I promise.

MORGAN

You never finished your story.

TYLER

What's the hurry? Going somewhere?

She squeezes his hand.

Max looks through the periscope, out into...

A CLEAR BLUE SKY

...Where a confused BIRD squawks as the periscope swivels.

The submarine isn't sinking or in the ocean - instead, it's RISING THROUGH THE AIR!

Off in the distance, a towering white CLOUD approaches.

BACK IN THE ENGINE ROOM

Max adjusts course and nods, satisfied.

MAX

I deserve a learner's permit way more than my sister. She ran over Mrs. Lancaster's bushes and tried to blame it on a freak wind!

HAL

So there's an ocean in that cloud?

Morgan turns to look at him.

MORGAN

One both vast and mysterious.

The blanket falls away and reveals her MERMAID'S TAIL.